# TWICE BURIED, TWICE BORN

CHIDERA MARIS FREDRICK

## CHAPTER ONE— The twins fire

**Two sisters, born alike, yet burning in different flames. One seeks the thrill of the night, the other the peace of restraint. But fire, no matter its shape, always leaves behind ash.**

## CHAPTER TWO— Framed in chains

**In foreign lands, truth bends and shadows lengthen. One sister's sin became another's chain, and silence—deadlier than betrayal—sealed a fate no one could undo.**

## CHAPTER THREE— The last daughter

**Exile does not begin with distance; it begins when love dies in the eyes of those who once held you. Alive, but disowned. Breathing, but buried. The last daughter, carrying the weight of two graves.**

## CHAPTER FOUR— Resurrection of Shadows

**The dead do not return to knock at your door… yet she came. Alive, but unforgiving. Reunited, but never whole. Twice buried, twice born—the sisters walk apart, bound forever by the scars of blood.**

# PROLOGUE

**They entered the world the same day, the same hour, the same breath. Two faces mirrored in perfection. Two voices that once cried as one. Yet from the very beginning, the same womb that birthed them had unknowingly birthed fire and water—destined never to flow together without destruction.**

**In the Adeniran mansion, walls glittered with chandeliers and marble floors stretched like rivers of wealth. Laughter echoed often, but beneath the music of privilege, two sisters grew apart with every heartbeat.**

**Olivia, the fire — reckless, dazzling, insatiable for life ' s darkest flavors.**
**Vivian, the water—reserved, composed, steady like the tide.**

**No parent prays for war within their home, but Chief and Mrs. Adeniran watched it unfold daily. Every warning they whispered to Olivia was drowned by her laughter. Every quiet nod of respect from Vivian was swallowed by her sister's wild defiance.**

**Love was not enough to stop the storm that was coming. For storms do not ask permission before they arrive.**

## CHAPTER ONE

## THE TWINS FIRE

**Olivia and Vivian Adeniran were daughters of wealth, beauty, and privilege. Born into the gilded halls of the Adeniran mansion, they carried the elegance of royalty. To the world outside, they were untouchable. Two goddesses of the same mold.**

**But inside the mansion's walls, cracks widened every year.**

**Olivia—the first to walk, the first to speak, the first to rebel—burned too brightly. She thrived in the chaos of Lagos nightlife, slipping into clubs where the music devoured reason, where men poured expensive champagne into her glass and whispered promises she never believed but always entertained. Her life was a dance on the edge of fire, reckless and unrepentant.**

**Vivian, though identical in beauty, was her opposite. Where Olivia's laughter was loud, hers was soft. Where Olivia devoured attention, Vivian measured her steps, cool, reserved, content to let the world revolve without her constant pull. She loved parties too, yes—but she**

**lived in the shadows of restraint, never letting herself drown in excess.**

**The two sisters were always at war.**

**"You'll ruin yourself one day, Olivia," Vivian often warned, her tone firm, her concern genuine.**

**"And you," Olivia would snap back, tossing her hair, "will die of boredom. Life is not meant to be lived in whispers, sister. It is meant to be screamed."**

**Their parents, Chief and Mrs. Adeniran, bore witness to this constant clash of flame and water. Their warnings fell like hammers, their pleas like desperate prayers. But Olivia was a storm that refused to be calmed.**

**Graduation came like a proud dream—two young women in gowns and caps, smiling for the cameras, hiding the truth of their strained bond. But Chief Adeniran, weary of Olivia's recklessness, made a decision meant to save them both.**

**"You will go to the United Kingdom," he declared. "Both of you.**

**Enough of this sheltered living. Learn to depend on yourselves."**

**And so, across the seas, the twins carried their fire and water into a foreign land.**

**At first, London seemed like a new beginning. Vivian adapted quickly — her days filled with study, quiet friendships, cautious steps in an unfamiliar world. Olivia, however, gravitated to the neon lights hidden in the city's underground. Clubs that never slept, men with dangerous smiles, parties that bled into dawn.**

**One night sealed their fate.**

**Olivia, tangled in the arms of a charming stranger, found herself pulled into a world darker than even she had dared to explore. Drugs, stolen goods, whispered promises of easy money — it thrilled her, blinded her, consumed her.**

**But shadows never stay hidden forever.**

**It was past midnight when fists pounded on their apartment door. Vivian woke in panic, confusion lacing her face. Olivia froze, her**

**blood turning to ice.**

**The door burst open. Police stormed in, voices sharp, eyes cold. They pulled Vivian forward, cuffing her hands as she cried, "Wait! There's a mistake!"**

**Olivia stood frozen, her lips parting but no words coming out. Fear wrapped its hands around her throat. She could have spoken, she could have saved her sister—but silence chained her tighter than any prison bars.**

**The van door slammed shut with Vivian inside. The sound echoed in Olivia's chest like a verdict.**

**That night, innocence was stolen. That night, silence became betrayal. That night, the fire that Olivia had always carried began to burn everything she loved.**

## CHAPTER TWO

## FRAMED IN CHAINS

**Innocence has no armor. Once it is accused, the world tears at it like vultures. And when silence protects the guilty, the innocent bleed until the truth is too late to matter.**

---

**The prison cell was damp and cold, its walls breathing despair. Vivian sat on a thin mattress, her wrists raw from the cuffs that had held her hours before. She replayed the night in her mind—the pounding fists, the flashing badges, the disbelief in her voice as strangers declared her a criminal.**

**Her crime? She didn't know. Her mistake? Being Olivia's sister.**

**In court, the evidence stacked like bricks around her. Drugs traced to her apartment. Witnesses placing her at scenes she had never seen. Money laundering charges twisting her name into infamy. She cried her innocence, begged for truth, but her voice drowned beneath**

**forged reports and Olivia's silence.**

**Behind closed doors, Olivia sat paralyzed. She wanted to run into the courtroom, fall to her knees, and scream the truth—that she was the one, that her choices had painted her sister in chains. But fear held her tongue. What would her parents say? What would the world say? The shame was unbearable, the scandal too great.**

**So Olivia ran.**

**She boarded a flight back to Nigeria, her heart pounding with every step away from her sister. She returned to the golden halls of the Adeniran mansion, but there was no warmth in her welcome. Her parents' eyes searched for Vivian, their voices demanding answers.**

**"Where is your sister?" Chief Adeniran asked, his tone heavy with suspicion.**

**Olivia trembled. "She… she's fine," she whispered. But her voice cracked, and the silence that followed betrayed her.**

**For weeks she carried the secret, until guilt tore her apart. One night**

**at dinner, as her mother's prayers drifted into the air, Olivia broke.**

**"She's in prison," she sobbed, dropping her fork. "It's my fault. Vivian is suffering because of me."**

**The confession hit like thunder. Mrs. Adeniran's scream filled the mansion. Chief Adeniran's face hardened into stone. Their world, their pride, their joy—it had all been destroyed by the daughter who carried fire in her veins.**

**"We must go to her," Mrs. Adeniran cried through her tears. "We must bring her back before it's too late!"**

**Within days, the family was on a flight to London. Olivia sat between her parents, her body trembling, her mind tormented by visions of Vivian in chains. She prayed silently that they would arrive in time, that somehow, somehow, Vivian would forgive her.**

**But fate is not merciful.**

**At the prison gates, the news awaited them like a dagger. The warden's face was blank, his words cruel in their simplicity.**

**“Your daughter is dead.”**

**The air left Mrs. Adeniran’s lungs. She fell to her knees, clawing at the ground as her scream pierced the air. Chief Adeniran staggered, his chest heaving, his eyes dark with devastation. Olivia collapsed against the wall, her body shaking violently as the truth settled like poison in her blood.**

**Dead.**

**Vivian—gentle, reserved, innocent—was gone. Stabbed by another inmate over a quarrel about food. Her life ended in a pool of blood for a crime she had never committed.**

**The family returned to Nigeria with a coffin, not a daughter. The burial was a storm of tears, the soil swallowing more than a body—it swallowed hope, peace, and unity.**

**At the graveside, Mrs. Adeniran turned to Olivia. Her face was streaked with tears, her eyes filled with venom.**

**"Until my Vivian is back alive," she spat, her voice trembling with rage, "I never want to set my eyes on you again."**

**Olivia's knees buckled. "Mother, please…"**

**But her father's silence was heavier than his wife's words. He turned his back, his shoulders shaking, his heart too broken to speak.**

**The Adeniran mansion, once Olivia's palace, now felt like a haunted tomb. Every corner whispered Vivian's name. Her room was sealed shut, her clothes folded neatly as if she might walk back in any moment. But she never would.**

**Olivia wandered the halls like a ghost. Servants avoided her eyes. Her mother passed her like air. Her father spoke to her only in commands, never in love.**

**At night, she lay awake listening to her mother's muffled sobs through the walls. Each tear was an arrow into Olivia's heart. She wanted to run into her room, fall at her feet, and beg again for forgiveness—but she had tried. And each time, she was met with the same cold reply:**

**“You killed her.”**

**So Olivia bore her guilt in silence.**

**One evening, weeks after the funeral, Olivia found her father alone in his study. His back was turned, his hands gripping the desk so tightly his knuckles were white.**

**“Papa…” her voice trembled.**

**He didn’t turn. “Do you know what it means to bury a child?” His voice cracked. “It is to bury your own soul.”**

**Olivia’s tears spilled freely. “I didn’t mean for any of this to happen. I swear, I didn’t—”**

**“Then why didn’t you speak?” he thundered, whirling around. His eyes blazed with pain. “Why did you let her suffer? Why did you let her die branded as a criminal while you walked free?”**

**Olivia dropped to her knees. “I was afraid, Papa! Afraid of losing you,**

**afraid of your shame, afraid of everything!" She pressed her palms together, sobbing. "Please… forgive me."**

**But her father turned his face away. "You are no daughter of mine. Leave my sight."**

**Those words burned hotter than fire. Olivia stumbled out of the study, her sobs echoing down the halls. That night, she packed her bags.**

**——**

**The next morning, without a word to anyone, Olivia left the mansion.**

## CHAPTER THREE

## THE LOST DAUGHTER

**Exile does not begin on the streets—it begins in the eyes of those who once loved you, when they turn cold and refuse to see you.**

**She wandered the city alone, dragging her suitcase through crowded streets, her designer clothes now a mockery of her broken spirit. She stayed in hotels when she had money, in friends' apartments when she didn't, and sometimes in corners too dark for a girl who once had everything.**

**Her phone buzzed with social media posts — smiling faces of old friends, glowing weddings, luxurious vacations. Her own life was a spiral of guilt and shame. She posted pictures too, forced smiles in foreign cafés, filtered sunsets. But behind every image was emptiness.**

**She was alive, but she was not living.**

---

**Years passed. Olivia built a fragile existence in the shadows. She worked jobs beneath her name, jobs that barely fed her pride. She traveled, changed cities, changed faces. But no matter how far she went, the whispers followed:**

**"Murderer."**
**"Traitor."**
**"The daughter who killed her sister."**

**And every time she looked into the mirror, she saw Vivian's eyes staring back.**

**At night, she dreamed. Vivian came to her in silence, her prison uniform stained with blood. She would stand at the foot of Olivia's bed, her lips parted but her words unspoken. And Olivia would wake drenched in sweat, trembling, begging the night for forgiveness she could never earn.**

**So she fled.**

**She boarded a plane to a faraway land, a country where nobody knew her name. She took jobs no one else wanted—waiting tables, cleaning**

**floors, carrying boxes until her hands blistered. She rebuilt her life, one brick at a time.**

**For the first time, she avoided nightclubs. For the first time, she refused men's hollow promises. For the first time, she woke each morning with discipline, trying desperately to become the woman her sister had been.**

**But redemption is not always loud. Sometimes it is a whisper inside a broken soul.**

**Years passed. Olivia learned to smile again—small, cautious smiles that never reached her eyes. She helped strangers, gave to the poor, lived quietly, almost saintly. Yet in every act of kindness, there was a shadow: Vivian.**

**On their birthday each year, Olivia lit a candle by her window. She whispered into the night, "I'm sorry." The flame flickered, sometimes bending as though to answer her, sometimes dying before midnight—as though refusing her apology.**

**Back in Nigeria, her parents aged in sorrow. Chief Adeniran's**

**strength withered, his booming voice now a ghostly murmur. Mrs. Adeniran clung to pictures of Vivian, her prayers hollow, her heart hardened against Olivia. To them, they had buried one daughter, and exiled the other.**

**But fate is cruel.**

**One evening, Olivia sat in a small café in her new city. A news broadcast played on the television mounted above the counter. Her heart froze when she saw it: a documentary about wrongful imprisonment in the UK. Among the faces flashed across the screen was Vivian's photograph—Vivian, alive and smiling, from before the prison walls.**

**Olivia's chest tightened. She excused herself, stepping into the cold night. The world blurred before her. She had built a new life, but nothing could erase the truth: Vivian had died carrying her sins.**

**And she would carry Vivian's shadow forever.**

**As she walked home that night, her reflection followed in every glass window she passed. For a moment, in the dim light, she swore she saw**

**her sister's face—not accusing, not angry, just watching.**

**Olivia scrolled through her mother's social media. The posts were endless: prayers for Vivian's soul, photos of her grave decorated with flowers, scriptures about loss. Her father never posted, but his silence was louder than words.**

**Olivia pressed her forehead against the phone and wept.**

**"Vivian," she whispered into the night, "I would give my life to bring you back. I would give everything to undo that day."**

**The shadows did not answer.**

**Olivia was the last daughter now. The one alive but unloved, breathing but buried in the grave her sister left behind.**

## CHAPTER FOUR

## RESURRECTION OF SHADOWS

**The dead do not return to knock at your door. Yet one evening, Olivia saw a face in the crowd—a face she had buried with her own hands.**

**——**

**It was in London, years after exile had hardened Olivia's heart. She was walking out of a café on a rainy evening, her umbrella tilted against the storm, when she froze.**

**Across the street stood a woman. Her posture was familiar, her hair tucked behind one ear exactly as Vivian used to do, her gaze steady, piercing. The traffic lights flickered red, cars rushed by, and in the blur of headlights Olivia's breath caught in her throat.**

**"Vivian?" she whispered.**

**But by the time the light turned green, the woman was gone.**

**Olivia shook her head violently. No. It couldn't be. Vivian was dead. Buried. She had stood by the coffin, watched the soil cover it. Her mind must be playing tricks again, punishing her with ghosts.**

**Yet the vision lingered. And then it happened again. At a bookstore. At a train station. At a crowded festival. Always fleeting, always disappearing before Olivia could call out.**

**Until the night Vivian stepped out of the shadows herself.**

**——**

**Olivia had just returned home to her small flat, fumbling for her keys, when a voice sliced through the silence.**

**"You still walk like you own the world, even after losing it all."**

**Olivia froze. Her keys fell to the ground with a metallic clatter. Slowly, she turned.**

**Vivian stood there, alive. Breathing. Not a ghost, not an illusion.**

**Her skin was paler, her eyes sharper, her presence heavier—as though prison had carved away the softness of her youth. She was beautiful still, but in a way that frightened.**

**Olivia gasped, stumbling back against the door. "Vivian… oh my God… it's you. It's really you!"**

**Tears poured down her face. She reached forward, but Vivian didn't move.**

**"Yes, it's me," Vivian said coldly. "The sister you buried. Twice buried, once in chains, once in soil. But not twice dead."**

**Olivia sobbed uncontrollably. "I—I thought you were gone forever! I thought I killed you!"**

**Vivian's lips curled into a bitter smile. "You did kill me, Olivia. Maybe not with your hands, but with your silence. With your selfishness. You let me rot in a cell meant for you."**

**Olivia dropped to her knees, clutching Vivian's hands desperately. "Please! Please forgive me! I was young, I was foolish, I was afraid…**

**If I could take it back, I would!"**

**Vivian's voice was ice. "And yet you didn't. You ran. You hid. You lived." Her eyes burned. "While I died."**

**Olivia sobbed harder, pressing her forehead against Vivian's hand. "Then let me make it right. Come home with me. Come back to Mama and Papa. They think you're gone. They buried you with their own tears. If they see you, if they hold you again—maybe then, maybe then they will forgive us both."**

**For a long moment, Vivian was silent. Then, slowly, she nodded.**

**——**

**The reunion in Nigeria was thunder and light all at once.**

**When the Adenirans saw Vivian walk into the mansion, alive, their screams echoed through the halls. Her mother fainted on the spot. Her father staggered back, clutching the wall.**

**"If this is a dream," her mother sobbed when she came to, cradling**

**Vivian's face, "then let me never wake."**

**They touched her hair, her cheeks, her hands, as though afraid she would vanish again.**

**But the question burned hot: Who, then, had they buried?**

**Vivian told them the truth. One of the prison officers had fallen for her, unable to watch her suffer. He staged her death, bribed officials, and smuggled her out under the cloak of lies. She had lived in hiding ever since, watching, waiting, unsure when or if she would return.**

**The parents wept, torn between joy and horror. "Why didn't you come sooner?" her father asked, his voice breaking.**

**Vivian's eyes shifted, lingering on Olivia. "Because I was not ready to forgive. And I am still not."**

---

**The family embraced, united again, yet fractured in ways words could not mend.**

**The parents cleared Olivia's name, grateful that Vivian's truth had freed her from the false chains of crime. They begged the sisters to reconcile, to love again as they once did.**

**But Vivian remained distant.**

**To the world, she acknowledged Olivia as her twin, her sister. On social media, she smiled beside her in staged photos, liked her posts, even commented occasionally.**

**But in her heart, forgiveness never came. The wound was carved too deep, the scar too permanent.**

**Eventually, the sisters chose distance. Vivian moved to a quiet city abroad, Olivia to another. They built separate lives, successful in their own ways, bound only by blood and the occasional green dot on WhatsApp.**

**They were sisters.**
**They were strangers.**
**Twice buried. Twice born.**

## EPILOGUE

**The rain fell that night in a slow, mournful drizzle, as though the heavens themselves understood the weight of the story. Olivia stood at the edge of a foreign balcony in Milan, staring down at the city lights that glittered like scattered diamonds. Her life had changed — her name cleared, her wealth intact, her beauty still commanding admiration—but her soul? Her soul was fractured beyond repair.**

**Vivian was alive. That truth still stunned her like a lightning strike. But the joy of reunion had been poisoned by the bitterness in her sister's eyes. Forgiveness had not come. Acceptance had not come. There was only a cold acknowledgment: we are sisters, but we are not one.**

**Their parents had wept tears of joy the day Vivian revealed herself. They had embraced her as though life had been restored. For Olivia, it was a moment of rebirth too—her chance to stand beside her twin, to beg for mercy, to stitch their hearts together again. But Vivian's lips had pressed into a thin, unyielding line.**

**And then she spoke words Olivia would never forget:**

**“You may be free, Olivia. But in my heart, you will always be the jailer who locked me away.”**

**From that moment on, Vivian chose distance. She left for Paris, chasing shadows of a life she believed she deserved. Olivia remained far away, carrying guilt like an invisible shroud. Their bond—once inseparable — was now reduced to fragments: an occasional WhatsApp story, a fleeting like on Instagram, a silent acknowledgment that blood tied them, even when love had vanished.**

**Their parents tried to bridge the gap. They pleaded, they prayed, they hosted dinners neither daughter attended at the same time. In their mansion, portraits of the twins still hung side by side—identical faces frozen in innocence, mocking the broken reality of the present.**

**But life continued.**

**Vivian walked the streets of Paris with her head high, adored by men who never knew the scars she bore inside. Olivia built her empire brick by brick, swearing never to stumble into recklessness again.**

**They were alive. They were successful. They were surviving.**

**And yet—at night, in their separate cities, when silence pressed in and the world grew quiet—both sisters would think of that one moment when everything shattered. One mistake, one choice, one sacrifice that condemned them to forever circle each other like ghosts.**

**They were bound by love. Bound by hatred. Bound by grief.**

**And perhaps, that was what it meant to be twice buried, twice born.**

**The story of the twins did not end in reunion. It ended in separation—an eternal reminder that not all wounds heal, and not all resurrections bring peace.**

**The night deepened. Olivia whispered into the air, though she knew her sister could not hear her:**

**"I'm sorry, Vivian… and maybe one day, when time has softened the edges, you'll forgive me."**

**But the rain carried her words away into the dark, where only the**

**echoes of the past answered back.**

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

**Chidera Maris Fredrick is a passionate storyteller whose works blend suspense, romance, and emotional depth to create unforgettable experiences for readers. With a unique ability to capture the struggles of love, betrayal, and redemption, Chidera weaves narratives that reflect both the elegance of high society and the resilience of everyday people.**

**When not writing, Chidera enjoys exploring creative storytelling through animation, and cultural tales on TikTok @talesandtargeting, bringing fresh perspectives to contemporary fiction.**

**She is the author of acclaimed titles such as, The Caterer's Heart, Veil of Obsession and now**
**Twice Born, Twice Buried, each exploring the complexities of human emotions against the backdrop of suspense and desire.**

## ABOUT THE ATHOUR

Chidera Maris Fredrick is a passionate Nigerian TikTok storyteller whose works blend suspense, emotion, and haunting twists that stay with readers long after the last page. Through powerful narratives, he explores themes of love, betrayal, and redemption, giving voice to stories that mirror both beauty and pain.

Twice Buried, Twice Born is one of her signature works, crafted to pull readers into a world of shadows, secrets, and unforgettable truths.

Follow her journey on TikTok: @talesandtargeting.